

Good Morning

34

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

SHIP'S CAT'S KITTY

Games, books, hobbies for submariners! That is the "Good Morning" Ship's Cat's Kitty. We are collecting these items of recreation exclusively for the Submarine Branch and packing them off to the usual distributing depots as received.



Tell us what you want—packs of cards? Ludo? Chess? Draughts? We will do our best to get supplies and dispatch to your depot.

All we want from you is a guide as to what you are in need of—to assist us in our search for the right goods.

All goods received will be as far as possible evenly distributed throughout the Submarine Branch.

All this cleanliness

I HAVE just been bathed, and I stink. I stink like the Mistress does when she goes out to dinner. Poof! Anything on four legs could wind me a mile away, and if I go for a walk like this all the rabbits in the country will take cover.

So as soon as I can get out I'm going to find something nice and rich and ripe, and I'm going to roll and roll and roll.

But what's the use? Master will only give me a tawsing, and Mistress will bath me all over again.

If people understood

Why don't human people realise that once he's outdoors a decent dog doesn't smell?

That's why he can get up close to a rat, or creep through a hedge where the rabbits are, and maybe knock over a couple. But once he's been bathed with dog soap, and sprayed out of that bottle thing, he might just as well wear a bell round his neck, or bark to say he's coming!

They said I had fleas. Of course! Every respectable dog has a flea or two. They're company. They keep him from getting bored through the long night watches, provide him with exercise, and give him an interest in life. Something to do when there's nothing else doing.

He wants to play

You see, a dog can't read, or play bridge, or knit. And he can't sleep all the time.

You watch your dog as he lies before the fire. Perhaps he has been out for one short hour of host,

BY SAM
THE SPANIEL



"I know a retriever who will lend me a couple."

glorious life, and now he has the rest of the day to himself. And the night.

He yawns, blinks at the blaze, tries to sleep, yawns again, and then . . . you hear him give one short, sharp bark, and Master says, "Is that someone at the gate?"

But it isn't anybody at the gate. It's your dog waking up his flea. He wants to play. And, knowing this, the flea does his stuff—runs about a bit on the tender spots, has a nibble here and there, and makes a spot of whoopee to amuse his

host.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

Benjamin Franklin.

He is no wise man that will quit a certainty for an uncertainty.

Samuel Johnson.

Example is always more efficacious than precept.

Samuel Johnson.

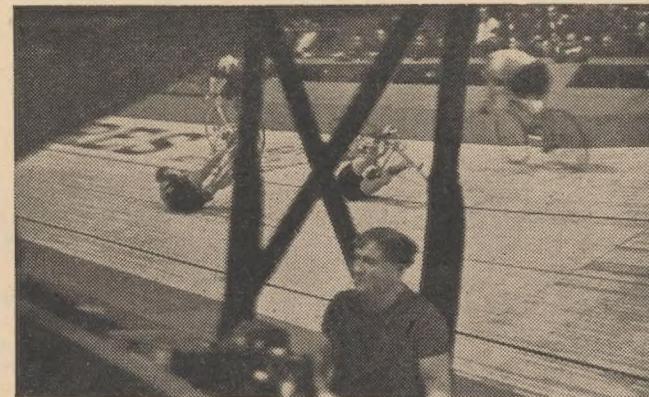
S'TRUTH!



"Was ever a dog subjected to such indignity?"

QUIITE ENGLISH —I ASSURE YOU

By AL MALE



WHEN fellows get together, there are generally two topics of conversation.

This time, it was the other one . . . SPORT.

And we got on about the happy evening we'd had at Wembley, Speedway, Ice Hockey, Swimming, and finally Six-Day Cycle Racing.

Those were the nights

You remember the fun there was about midnight, when parties from the West End used to suddenly offer prize money for the fastest "so many laps," just to guarantee excitement during their stay at the Empire Pool, and how the cyclists used to come to life, as it were, and go hell-for-leather after each other.



Syd Cozens being led off the track after a crash in which a Danish competitor was involved.

EDUCATION made easy

By ODO DREW

Snake-pit.—See "Bird-sanctuary."

* * *

Hydroplanes.—In the old M1, M2 and M3 twelve-inch guns were carried. One of these was subsequently replaced by a small hangar to house a small sea-plane. In the present war, submarines carry four hydroplanes, two forward and two aft. Although, of course, they can only take off in calm weather, the very fact that it has been found possible to instal them shows that they are not sleeping in Whitehall.

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Sir Clodesley Shovel.—A famous British admiral (1650-1707). He did most useful spade-work in the Dutch and French wars.

* * *

Sargasso Sea.—A tract of the North Atlantic covered with floating seaweed, the *Sargassum Bacciferum*, or Gulf Weed. Early meteorologists found this most useful for weather forecasts. One remembers the song, "As soon as he touched the Sargassum Bacciferum he knew it was going to be wet."

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Bird-sanctuary.—See "Agapemone."

* * *

Neutral buoyancy.—At the beginning of the war, neutral countries in Europe looked forward to a time of considerable prosperity. Business with both sides would be good, they felt. To-day there is little evidence of any buoyancy at all.

* * *

Clinometer.—Fitted to British submarines in the Mediterranean to ascertain quickly the speed at which Italian ships "slope" off when the presence of the Royal Navy is suspected.

* * *

Fanny.—Naval term used to describe a woman who has a decided liking for liquor. A well-known character can carry

"Yes," said one of the party, "those Continental guys certainly know how to put things over. . . Could you possibly imagine an Englishman thinking of Six-Day Cycle Racing?"

Nobody could, of course.

And I didn't enlighten them, because I rather wanted them to see in my paper, the next morning, exactly who had first thought of the idea, and that it was an Englishman.

Those were the days

To be precise, it was Harry Etherington, of Eastbourne, Sussex, and that day I had interviewed the eighty-two-year-old super-sportsman, alas, then an invalid, but mighty cheerful withal. He was delighted to recall bygone days, and though his speech was halted, his eyes had a merry twinkle. Just what one would expect from a man whose motto was "Smile your way through life," as his most certainly was.

"Whatever made you think of Six-Day Cycle Racing?" I asked him. "Well," he said, "there were six-day walking matches, so I couldn't see why there shouldn't be similar cycle races."

"So I hired the Agricultural Hall, Islington, got together a dozen riders, and announced to the town my new idea."

"The cyclists raced on the ordinary boarded floor, no banking, and skids were plentiful, but we had no serious accidents."

eight pints without spilling a drop.

* * *

Agapemone.—See "Snake-pit."

* * *

Parson's yeoman.—In the old days the parson's glebe lands were often looked after by a factor or yeoman. When chaplains were appointed to naval vessels they used to take these yeomen with them as their personal attendants. The men would do all sorts of odd jobs, one of the oddest being to play the harmonium. The reason for this, however, was obvious. It was felt that they could easily plough their way through the hymns.

* * *

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

Benjamin Franklin.



Mr. Harry Etherington

"And what about prizes?" I asked. "Anything like the big money being paid at Wembley to-night?" (Six-day-cycle stars were then earning as much as £7,000 a year.)

"No," he replied. "First prize was £100, second £25, third £15, and a fourth of £10."

"Ten pounds for six days!" I gasped. "What about the poor devils who didn't even get into the prizes?"

Bribery

"Oh," said Harry with a smile, "I used to give them an occasional quid, otherwise they'd have given up, and I had to keep somebody on the track all the time to attract the crowds."

"Used to ride singly, of course," he continued, "not in teams. We just loved cycling. You had to be fond of it to ride a penny-farthing, you know. One fall from the saddle, which could be anything up to 5ft. from the ground, and you had your lesson. No pneumatic tyres to take the shocks, you know."

And Harry Etherington should know.

He was the first man to ride a penny-farthing from London to Yarmouth, 125 miles, without leaving the saddle (either way), and was smiling at the end of the journey, too.

He also managed to retain a smile when he was staging a fair called "Arcadia" at the Agricultural Hall, and, having bought cartloads of cut flowers to decorate the entrance, saw a crowd of flower-girls, who had paid their bob, run away with baskets full of stolen flowers.

But, he almost had the smile frozen on his face on one occasion. That was when he introduced Six-Day Cycle Racing to America . . . if you please.

What a frost!

He chose Chicago when that city was wrapped in the worst frost ever. . . Lake Michigan frozen over, and a blizzard so bad that nobody ventured from their homes to see his show.

In 1885, however, he really did smile, when he took over to America the first English amateur cycling team, which rode at Springfield Mass., and Hartford, Conn., and came away with ninety per cent. of the prizes.

And, as if he hadn't done enough for cycling, Harry Etherington founded the National Cyclists' Union, and organised long-distance Easter runs . . . all on penny-farthings.

So you see, fellows, this little old country of ours is not quite so backward in sport as we sometimes think.

I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England, too; and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm.

Queen Elizabeth to troops at Tilbury, 1588, on the approach of the Armada.

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Benjamin Franklin.

**Periscope
Page**
**WANGLING
WORDS—5**

1.—How many words can you think of in which all five vowels occur in their right order—*a-e-i-o-u*?

2.—Which of the following words are mis-spelt: *Extremity, Conspicuous, Canonade, Dandylion, Schism?*

3.—Can you change *MIRE* into *RAIN*, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word at each alteration? Change in the same way: *FIST* into *POLE, ALONE* into *SCARF, BREAD* into *CLUCK.*

4.—A gentleman named Turner insisted on spelling his name *Phtolognyrrh*, and justified it because:

Pht is pronounced *T* in *phthisis*;

olo is pronounced *UR* in *colonel*;

gn is pronounced *N* in *gnat*; and

yrhh is pronounced *ER* in *myrrh*.

How many different ways can you invent for spelling "scissors"?

NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

At that moment the saloon door opened, and Captain Nemo appeared. He perceived me, and said without further preamble, in an amiable tone—

"Ah, professor, I was looking for you. Do you know your Spanish history?"

"Very badly," I replied. "That is like savants," said the captain, "they know nothing. Well, sit down," added he, "and I will relate a curious episode of that history to you."

The captain stretched himself upon a divan, and I mechanically took a place beside him, with my back to the light.

"Professor," resumed the captain, "if you have no objection we will go as far back as 1702. As you know, your king, Louis XIV., thinking that the gesture of a potentate was sufficient to make the Pyrenees sink into the ground, had imposed his grandson, the Duke of Anjou, on the Spaniards.

This prince, who reigned more or less badly under the name of Philip V., had a strong party against him from without.

"In fact, the year before, the Royal houses of Holland, Austria, and England had concluded a treaty of alliance at The Hague, for the aim of taking the crown of Spain from Philip V. and placing it on the head of an archduke, to whom they gave the premature title of Charles III."

"Spain had this coalition to resist. But she was nearly destitute of soldiers and sailors. However, money would not be wanting, provided that their galleons, loaded with gold and silver from America, could enter her ports. Now, towards the end of 1702 she was expecting a rich convoy that France had sent, a fleet of twenty-three vessels, commanded by the Admiral Château-Renaud to escort, for the combined fleets were then scouring the Atlantic.

"This convoy was bound for Cadiz; but the admiral, having learnt that the English fleet was cruising in the neighbourhood, resolved to make for a French port.

"The Spanish commanders of the convoy protested against this decision. They wished to be accompanied to a Spanish port, and if not to Cadiz, to Vigo Bay, situated on the N.W. coast of Spain, which was not blockaded.

"The Admiral Château-Renaud was weak enough to obey this injunction, and the galleons entered Vigo Bay.

"Spain had this coalition to resist. But she was nearly destitute of soldiers and sailors. However, money would not be wanting, provided that their galleons, loaded with gold and silver from America, could enter her ports. Now, towards the end of 1702 she was expecting a rich convoy that France had sent, a fleet of twenty-three vessels, commanded by the Admiral Château-Renaud to escort, for the combined fleets were then scouring the Atlantic.

"This is what happened. The merchants of Cadiz had a privilege by which they were to receive all the merchandise that came from the East Indies, and the landing of the ingots from the galleons at the port of Vigo was a contravention of their rights. They made complaints at Madrid, and obtained from the feeble Philip V. the order to make the convoy remain without unloading in the roadstead of Vigo until the enemy's fleets should be out of the road.

"Now whilst this decision was being arrived at, on the 22nd of October, 1702, the English ships arrived in Vigo Bay. The Admiral Château-Renaud, notwithstanding his inferior forces, fought courageously. But when he saw that the riches of the convoy were about to fall into the hands of enemies, he burnt and scuttled the galleons that went to the bottom with their immense treasures."

Captain Nemo stopped. I acknowledged that I did not perceive as yet how this story could interest me.

"Well?" I asked him.

"Well, M. Aronnax," answered Captain Nemo, "we are in Vigo Bay, and it rests with yourself whether you will penetrate into its mysteries."

The captain rose and begged me to follow him. I had had time to recover myself. I obeyed. The saloon was dark, but across the transparent panes glittered the sea. I looked.

For a radius of half-a-mile round the *Nautilus* the waters seemed impregnated with electric light, the sandy bottom clear and distinct. Some of the crew, clothed in their bathing dresses, were at work emptying half-rotten casks, splintered cases, amidst still blackened spars. From these cases and casks escaped ingots of gold and silver, cascades of piastres and jewels. The sand was strewed with them. Then, loaded with their precious booty, these men returned to the *Nautilus*, deposited their load, and went back to continue their inexhaustible gold and silver fishery.

I understood. It was the battlefield of the 22nd of October, 1702. In this very place the galleons laden from the Spanish government

Give it a Name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.



Super Brains Trust

WE put a question to the great men which they certainly ought to have been able to answer. It was:

The pursuits of art, pure science, and philosophy are badly paid, and often they bring no reward at all. Why do men indulge in them? Is it idle curiosity?

Their answers are all at sixes and sevens, so your own opinion may be worth something in the discussion. Here are their views and confessions:

Milton: "Fame is the spur that leads men to scorn delights and live laborious days."

Tacitus: "The desire for fame is certainly the last desire that is laid aside, even by the wise."

Isaac Newton: "I don't believe it. For my own part, I do not see anything desirable in public esteem, if I were able to acquire and maintain it. It would perhaps increase the number of my acquaintances, the thing which I chiefly study to avoid."

Byron: "I agree with Newton. Fame is the thirst of youth—but I am not so young as to regard men's frown or smile."

Milton: "Of lesser mortals, I should say it is money rather than fame that leads them on."

Dr. Johnson: "Sir, there are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money. No man ever wrote anything worth while, except for money."

Cicero: "With all due respect to the Doctor, nothing is so characteristic of a narrow and small mind as to love riches."

Francis Bacon: "But knowledge is power."

Burke: "And so is wealth!"

Everyman: "But I don't understand this at all! So many of you wise men have died of starvation, and have not even been heard of till after you were dead. Why did you do all that work—gratis? That is what I cannot understand."

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Well, the artists and musicians were the same. They often worked for nothing, and cared for neither fame nor money. Can you answer Mr. Everyman's question?

JANE

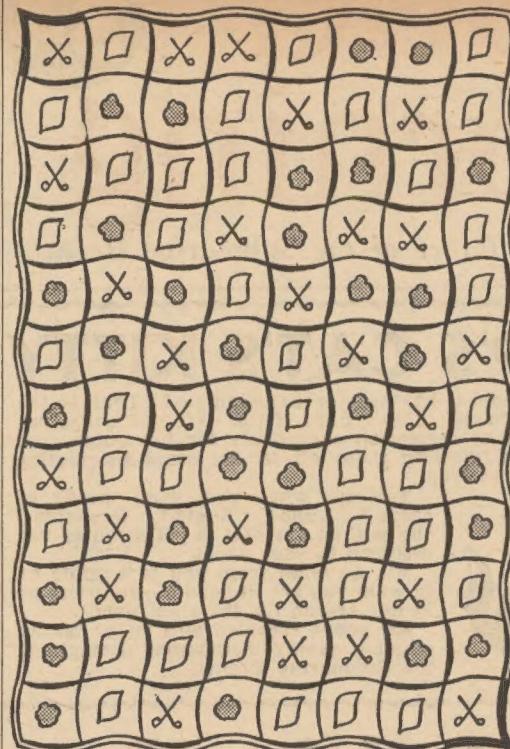
Flying over the border of Cornucopia, Jane & Georgie are attacked by anti-aircraft fire....

GREAT GUNS!—YOU'RE RIGHT!—IT IS FLAK!—ARE THEY MAD?—THEY MUST THINK WE'RE RAIDERS!!

The next moment—
The A.A. gunners score a direct hit on the plane!

QUICK, JANE!—THEY'VE GOT US!—WE'LL HAVE TO JUMP FOR IT—HAVE YOU GOT YOUR CHUTE?

SCISSORS CUT PAPER



"Scissors cut paper, paper wraps stone, stone blunts scissors." That is the basis of an old Chinese game, which is here put into the form of a maze.

You have to find the shortest way from the scissors at the top left-hand corner to those at the bottom right, but you must always move in the order—scissors, paper, stone, scissors.

Count your moves, and see if your friends can beat you.

had sunk. Here Captain Nemo came, according to his needs, to encase the millions with which he ballasted his *Nautilus*. It was for him, and for him alone, that America had given up her precious metals. He was the direct heir, without any one to share, of these treasures, taken from the Incas and Ferninard Cortez' conquered people.

"Did you know, professor?" he asked me, smiling, "that the sea contained such riches?"

"Yes, captain. But allow me to tell you that in your work in Vigo Bay you have only been beforehand with a rival company."

"What company, pray?"

"Just so," said I, "and a warning to the shareholders would be an act of charity. Who knows, however, if it would be well received? I pity them, after all, less than the thousands of unfortunates to whom so much wealth, well distributed, would have been profitable, whilst it is for ever lost to them."

I had no sooner expressed this regret than I felt it must have wounded Captain Nemo.

"Lost to them!" he answered, getting animated. "Do you think, then, that this wealth is lost when it is I that gather it? Do you think I give myself the trouble to pick up these treasures for myself? Who says that I do not make a good use of them? Do you believe that I ignore the existence of suffering beings, of races oppressed in this world, of miserable creatures to solace, of victims to revenge? Do you not understand—"

Captain Nemo stopped, regretting, perhaps, having said so much. But I had guessed. Whatever might be the motives that had forced him to seek independence under the seas, he was still a man! His heart still beat for the sufferings of humanity, and his immense charity was given to oppressed races, as well as to individuals.

And I then understood to whom the millions were sent by Captain Nemo, while the *Nautilus* was cruising in the waters of revolted Crete. *Continued to-morrow*

Answers to Wangling Words—4

1.—PENITENTIARY becomes NAY, I REPENT IT. PARLIAMENT becomes PARTIAL MEN. SWEETHEART becomes THERE WE SAT.

2.—Globular, Jewellery, Extension.

3.—BOATS, BOOTS, BOOTH, SOOTH, SOUTH, MOUTH, MONTH.

NEST, PEST, POST, PORT, PART, PARK.

WAIT, WAIL, WALL, FALL, FELT, MELT.

BREAK, CREAK, CREEK, CHEEK, CHEER, SHEER, SHEAR.

4.—Obsequious; Queueing; Cooeeing; Miaouing.

Beelzebub Jones**Belinda****Popeye****Ruggles****Solution to Yesterday's****3-Minute Thriller****Phantom Killer**

"Mrs. Spencer hated her husband. She had an—er—friend who told her what to do. I found a tiny puncture in Spencer's chest, and in his surfboard a minute splinter of wood had been wedged upright, coated with the South American arrow poison, Curare, which is damned effective stuff. Spencer went on the board time after time; sooner or later he was bound to jab his chest on the splinter, but he wouldn't notice that in the excitement of surfing. The poison's oily, and wouldn't be washed off the splinter—a clever crime, the nearest thing to a phantom killing I've come across!"

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.

Laurence Sterne.

**Send your
Stories, Jokes
and Ideas
to the Editor**

**Answers to Yesterday's
Quiz**

- Mayflower.
- Iron Duke.
- Australia.
- Greenland.
- Missouri-Mississippi.
- Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune.
- York, which is the name of a town. All the others are counties.
- A litter of kittens.
- That it is a foot and a half long.
- January 1, 1901.
- Fishes.
- Eight.

BOXING

By LEN HARVEY

No. 1

LEARN to box. See that your sons learn to box. Don't listen to stories that a knowledge of boxing leads you into trouble—just the opposite is true.

I started boxing at the age of twelve, and I've never had a fight outside a ring, nor have I ever struck anyone in anger. How so, you ask?

Because the knowledge and confidence that you can, if necessary, defend yourself gives you a feeling of security and fearlessness. You won't be attacked. Moreover, boxing teaches self-control. It sharpens the wits, trains the brain for quick thinking and immediate decision.

To box, you must train. Of first importance are breathing exercises. I expect you know some. Here is one. Raise the arms outwards horizontally, turning the palms upwards, inhaling fully; then from this position bring the arms down and across until the fingertips touch the floor, each hand outside the opposite foot, thus expelling all the air from the body. Try this a dozen times.

To strengthen the abdominal muscles and keep the whole body supple, try this one: With feet well apart, stretch the arms horizontally outward, then bend forward and touch the toes of the left foot with the fingers of the right hand, and vice versa. Exhale as you go down, inhale as you come up. Do half-a-dozen.

If a boxer has perfect balance he can advance, retreat, sway to left or right, hit (and even miss) with either hand, block punches and receive punches, without losing control of his stance. If he hasn't got balance, then he will be short with his punches and will sooner or later be at the mercy of his opponent.

Correct stance and movement are essential to good balance. Mine is a moving stance—there's no time to pose! Both knees slightly bent, elbows drawn into the sides, left arm slightly in advance of the right, left shoulder thrust forward, body half turned to my opponent, chin well sunk into the chest, and the whole body sloping forward, and, in fact, going forward.

How to move: Don't hop, skip or jump. Slide! Practically all the weight is taken on the right leg at all times—it's your anchor, boys, but it's also your prop, upon which you balance. Important: The ball of the right foot must never leave the ground.

Balance exercise: Feet together; raise the arms outward to the horizontal and at the same time raise the right leg straight out in front of you. Lower arms and leg and perform with left leg. Six times.

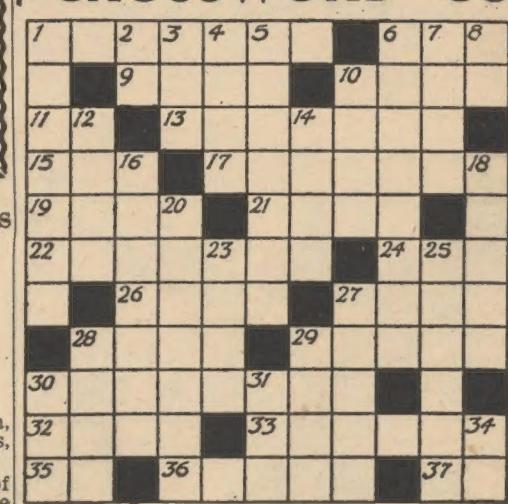
The surest means of winning is to go after your man, get the upper hand and keep it.

I don't mean by this that you should rush in regardless of defence, but that you must be aggressive scientifically. First of all, you must cultivate the straight left—a real straight left, not a round arm swing, nor an uppercut, but a straight drive. Timing, balance, distance, are all essential, and these will be gained by steady practice on the punch-ball, plus plenty of shadow sparring.

CROSSWORD CORNER**CLUES ACROSS.**

- Arrogant.
- Trap.
- Discharge.
- Open fabric.
- For.
- Gymnast's swing.
- Female rabbit.
- Jungle beast.
- Trees.
- Honest.
- Base of plant.
- Negligent.
- Lacerate.
- Unadorned.
- Food regimen.
- Blends by melting.
- Repaired casks.
- Girl's name.
- Severe trial.
- About.
- Soft.
- Like that.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

**CLUES DOWN.**

- Plunges.
- Aloft.
- Obtained.
- Throw.
- Drawn vehicle.
- Antelopes.
- Covers with sugar.
- Compass point.
- Girl's name.
- Song for one.
- Rhymester.
- Feeling.
- Numbers.
- Soaked.
- Backward.
- Scenes of conflict.
- Flowerless plant.
- Vehicle.
- Rank.
- Behold.

SPARED ALDER LEAVE TAPE STAMEN C LAKES HEM ELECTS FUGUE DARN VENT SPLENDID ENACT PADDLE SEA UNDUE OBEYED

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to : "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

This England *

"Thumbs up, it be. I bain't bin a-farin' all thes yearn an' nat learnt t've a spot in the locker arfter ploughin'."

"COOLTH"

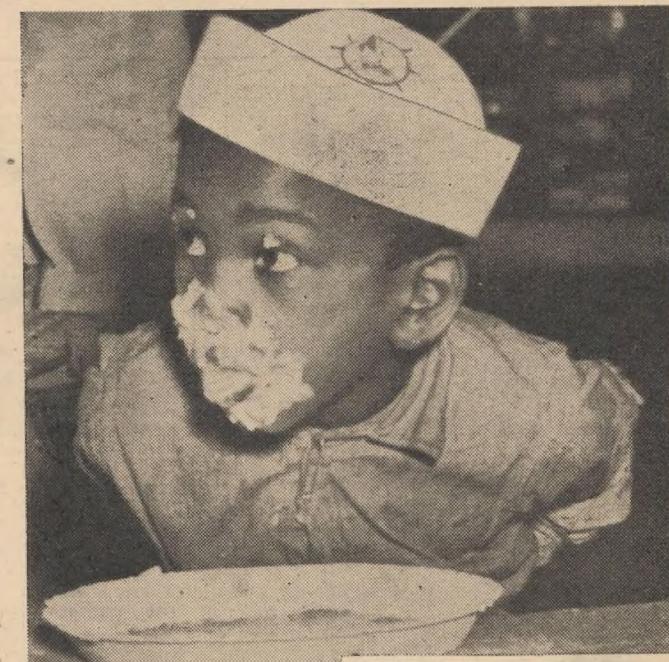
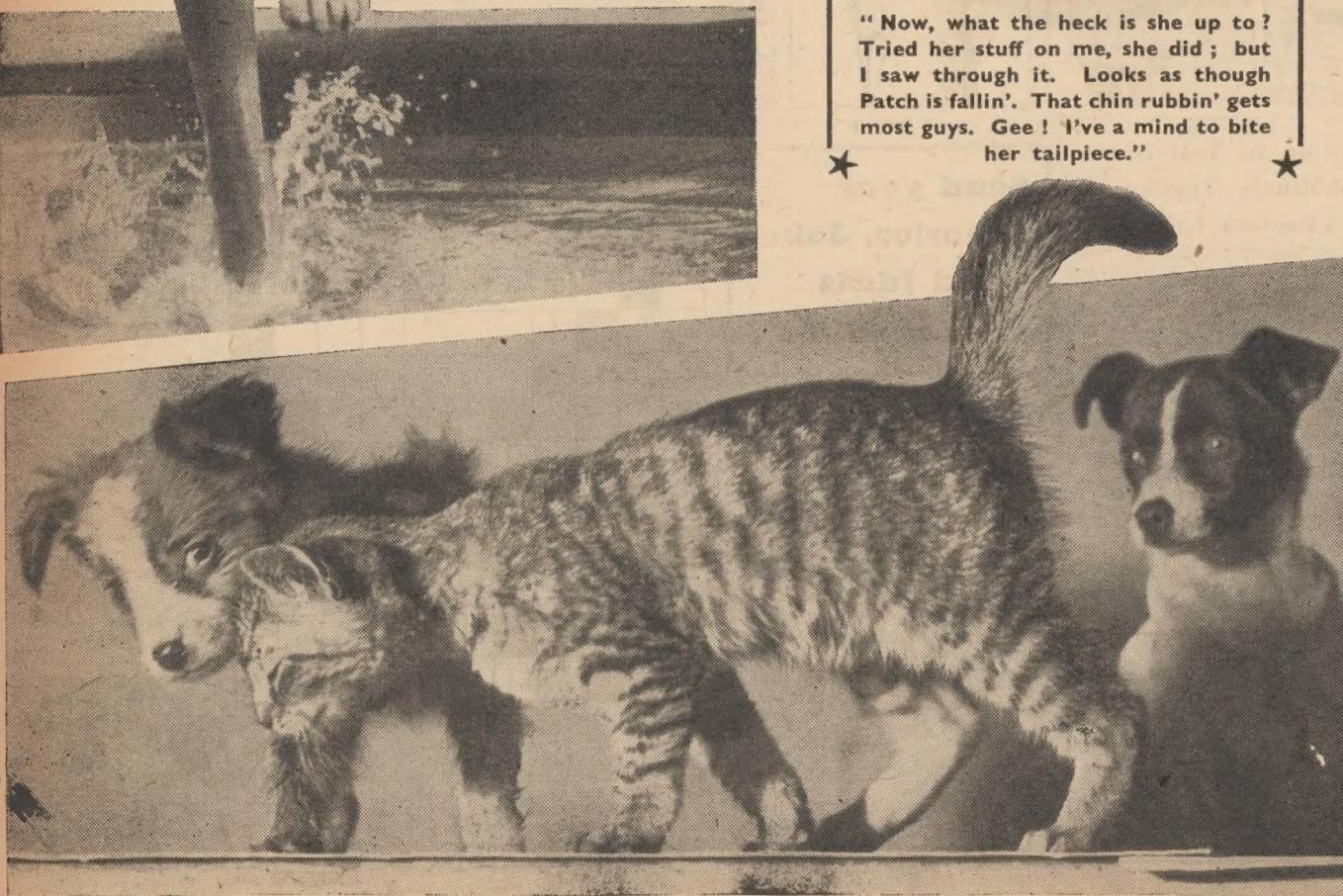


Say, boys ! 20th-Century Fox star Linda Darnell is about to submerge. Action stations.



Fellow Feline

"Now, what the heck is she up to ? Tried her stuff on me, she did ; but I saw through it. Looks as though Patch is fallin'. That chin rubbin' gets most guys. Gee ! I've a mind to bite her tailpiece."



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"She'll come to no good."



"Say, boss, I ain't a-jibbin', but ah sure can't clean up this pie with ma hand a-tied. Jest one lil finger is all ah asks."